



**The Horse.****THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE.**

One of our readers, in a personal letter, asks if we are not inclined to favor the thoroughbred horse too much. The reader referred to is interested in breeding horses, and is an admirer of the American trotter. Our correspondent is right in thinking we like the thoroughbred horse; as to whether we favor it too much, that is, more than its merits entitle it to, is a question we should decide in the negative if compelled to answer. But we have no doubt many would take the opposite side of the question, and especially those who look upon the thoroughbred as an animal whose only usefulness consists of his advantage as a machine for gambling. It is too true many who are engaged in the breeding of the thoroughbred have only that end in view, and if his usefulness only extended to the amount he could win on the turf we would not care if not another one were ever bred.

But let us look at the thoroughbred apart from his qualities as a race horse. In form he is a model of strength allied with beauty. His courage is equal to any emergency, and his gameness will make him struggle to the death. His bone is the densest and hardest given to any breed; his tendons and muscles the strongest and most elastic. He is bred so as to make him the most prepotent of all domestic animals. There is no one con-

versant with the various breeds of horses who will not acknowledge the thoroughbred to be possessed of these qualities to a greater degree than any other family of the horse. And here is where his true usefulness lies. The qualities bred in him for a century and a half he has the power of imparting to his progeny to a wonderful degree. To the fourth generation his blood will assert itself. He can be used therefore to give to other families of the horse the qualities for which he is noted and which they lack. And nearly every breed of any prominence owes something to the thoroughbred. The French coacher is nearly a thoroughbred, as his pedigrees published by the importers conclusively show. The Cleveland Bay derives his best qualities from the same source. That truly American horse, the Morgan, is largely thoroughbred in its origin; and when we come to the American trotter, consider how much he owes to the fountain to which the others are so much indebted. Take out Messenger, Diamond and Trustee, all imported English thoroughbreds, and where would the American stand? Take the trotting families of to-day—Hambletonians, Clays, Mambrinos, Goldusts, Pilots and Morgans, and does any one believe it possible that they would be what they are to-day without the help of the thoroughbred? It is the source to which to look for the highest speed and courage, the most intelligence and the longest lived of all the families of the horse. The system of breeding which has made the thoroughbred what he is being followed by the breeders of the American trotting horse, with the added advantage, through the extension of the art of printing, of having the records of their work imperishably preserved. The trotter is every day getting nearer to the thoroughbred in its ability to impart its special qualities to its progeny, and when it has reached that point it will have got close to its ultimate limit. Yes, we like the thoroughbred; and we have never yet seen a class of horses which his blood did not improve, whether it was intended for the carriage, the plow or the road. Why should we not admire him?

For the Michigan Farmer.  
**HAVE MERCY ON THE HORSES.**

As the spring work begins, remember that horses feel the heat as much or more than we do, as, if we become burdened, we can easily lay aside our heavy clothing and substitute that which is lighter. The horse can not always do this, for although nature proclaims that animals "sweat their coat" in the spring, yet it is often the case that the horse does not part with his heavy coat of hair until late in the season. Then, too, do not hurry him to unchess. How would you relish being urged continually at your work? when limbs are growing weary and exercise and sunshine combine to bring the perspiration starting from every pore, to have a whip flourished around your ears, while some one who held the reins of power shouts "Get up!" How good it would seem to stop and rest a minute to "get your breath." Perhaps when that corner is reached you will hear the welcome "whoos." As the corner is neared you involuntarily slacken your pace, expecting to be allowed to stop. But no, instead he heard the command to go on, enforced quite likely by a whiz of the whip.

How good a drink of water would taste, your mouth is so hot! but you know better than to expect that; and when at last, tired and panting, you are allowed to rest a few minutes, the driver drops his lines and, if it be not too far from the pump, you soon can hear the sound of gushing water, and as he draws cup after cup of the refreshing fluid, you can only hope he will perhaps remember that you are thirsty too, and bring you some. But no; back he comes empty-handed, when only one pall of water would have been so refreshing to you and your mate. For you know quite well that the idea that a drink of water will injure a horse when warm any more than it will a man is utterly false, unless it be when used immoderately.

Then there is the check-rein. What it was ever invented for is more than you or I know. It is nothing but a torture when you are at work to have your head drawn up, and, do what you will, you cannot get rid of it. You turn your head this way and that trying to get a little relief, and have the whip applied for your pains. Then, when you have to start a load, how much easier it is if you can get your head down.

Binders are another thing often annoying to a horse. How often we see them so close to the eye that they impede the free action of the eyelashes, which would be very annoying to us, and why is it not to the horse? Look over that work-harness and if there is any tendency on the part of the blindfold to "lop" over the horse's eyes, cut them off and you will never have cause to regret it. A horse soon becomes accustomed to them, and I am sure if he had a voice in

the matter would much prefer to have them removed.

Then when you hitch up to go to town, don't expect to make a first-class carriage horse out of one that has been working on the plow all week; and pull his head in the air and expect him to trot off as lively as a colt.

Much of the cruelty practiced upon farm horses (and it is nothing less) is the result of thoughtlessness, and pages might be written on the subject. How often are the horses jerked and yelled at in cultivating, only making them excited and incapable of performing their work as well as they would if handled quietly and gently!

I have in mind a horse of nervous temperament, who with quiet treatment is an excellent horse to cultivate with, scarcely ever stepping out of place, apparently as careful to keep off the hills of corn or potato as a person would be. At a blow or harsh word or jerk of the reins she is fairly wild, jumping into the next row, taking cultivator too in her excitement.

Don't urge the slow-walking team to keep up with one that walks faster. Note the difference in people as to gait. Some men will with perfect ease walk twice as fast as others; and ought the slow horse be blamed because he cannot keep up with another?

Particular attention should be given to the collar that it does not cause a gall. A well fitting collar, kept smooth and clean, will rarely give trouble in that direction.

**THE HORSE'S FRIEND.**

**Horses at Rest.**

There are some curious facts about the disposition of horses to lie down. To a hard working horse rest is almost as great a necessity as good food, but tired as he may be, he is very often shy about lying down, even when a nice clean bed of straw is provided for him. The writer once rode a mare seventy miles in a single day. The stable in which she was put for the night was as comfortable in every way as it could be made, yet she stood the whole night through. She ate her oats and hay and then went to sleep, leaning forward with her breast against the manger. There are horses that have never been seen to lie down, and if they have ever done so it was only for a short time, and at an hour when they were not likely to be seen. No marks have ever been discovered upon their coats which would indicate that they had been lying down. A horse is recalled now that occupied for fifteen years, from the time he was two years old, the stall in grandfather's stable. Up to the hour he died no one had ever seen him lying down, and several times after wearisome drives of eight or ten hours, a watch was placed on him to see if during the night he would lie down; but he was never caught in that position, and he could not be tempted to recline by the sweetest and cleanest of bedding. He died literally upon his feet. He was taken sick, and in giving him a drench from a long-necked bottle, with his head pulled up to a beam, he suddenly fell back and expired.

Unless a horse lies down regularly his rest cannot be complete, and his joints and sinews stiffen; and, while it is true that horses that sleep in a standing position continue to work for many years, it is equally true that they would continue to work for many years longer, and perform their work much better, if they rested naturally. Young horses from a country stable may refuse to lie down when put into a stable in town, and the habit may become confirmed unless inducements are offered. Horses can be taught to lie down, and they can also be taught to be as neat and cleanly in their habits as individuals.

It is a very rare thing for horses afflicted with a disease that superinduces fever to lie down. They will stand up until nature becomes completely exhausted, and their limbs refuse to sustain them. They have an instinct which teaches them if they lie down it may be difficult for them to get upon their feet again. A sick horse, because of his evident knowledge of his own condition and the nature of it, commands more to human sympathy than any other animal. Horses have a horror of death, and especially dread death in their own kind. A horse may be sick in company with a stable of horses, and the others will not notice him at all, but the moment he dies there is consternation throughout the entire stable. A horse may be absolutely fearless of every inanimate thing that comes to his notice, but will be frightened beyond measure at the sight of one of his own kind lying dead by the roadside.—*Horse and Stable.*

**Horse Gossip.**

The Emperor of Germany has stopped all horse-racing on Sunday in that empire.

DAVID NEVINS, of Boston, Mass., offers to his two-year-old filly by Stamboul against two other-year-olds in the world for five thousand dollars a side. Don't all speak at once.

L. J. NEEDHAM, of Pittsburg, N. Y., has sent Plaza Boy 2½; Sentry, 2½; Little Walker, 2½; Buckskin, Daisy and Emma B., to Buenos Ayres, South America, for the season.

MR. J. HOUGHTALING, of Bronson, this State, has purchased from Indiana parties the pacing stallion Rich Wilson 4777, by Legal Tender, Jr., 3400, pacer; dam Crazy Kate, pacer, by Frank 895.

THE PARMA CUB announces colt stakes on their track on August 21. The races will be open to two, three and four-year-old colts owned in Jackson County. The entries close May 15. Pacing stakes will also be provided.

THE TROTTING HORSES Kenilworth and Endymion, both of which were purchased for export, died at sea, and the mare Skylight Pilot died at Buenos Ayres lately from a contagious throat disease prevalent. Skylight Pilot was by Strathmore, and had a record of 2:19.

SPOFFORD and Gov. Hill, both shipped to Buenos Ayres, have arrived at their destination in good shape. It was a long voyage, 47 days, and very rough a part of the time, but the arrangements for their comfort were so good as to enable them to pass through the trial all right.

SUTHERLAND & BENJAMIN, of East Saginaw, have sold to J. S. McElwin, of Holyoke, Mass., for \$1,000, the yearling stallion colt General Alger, by Sphinx 2:23, son of Electorion,

dam Nora D. by Louis Napoleon; 2d dam, Magnet by Jubilee, a son of Satellite; 3d dam, Village Lass by Enchanter.

It is a wonder more horses and jockeys are not injured than there are. In a race at Memphis, Tenn., last week, in which ten horses started, four of them fell on the turn, Endurer going down first, when Kornese, Hattie D. and Katie S. running close behind him, fell in a heap. Stevenson, on Hattie D., had his collar-bone dislocated, and has been laid up since.

ON the night of May 6th, the large stable of Capt. T. E. Moore, at Lexington, Ky., was destroyed by fire, and twelve valuable horses were burned with it. The following is a list of the horses lost: Twilight Wilkes, Bourbon Bismarck, Bismarck Pilot, Johnson, Von Wilkes, Star Bismarck, Kentucky Hambletonian, Bourbon Mark, Lilly, Perfection, Count Bismarck. Not a horse escaped.

RECENT improvements in machinery for making beet sugar enable the factories to produce a given quantity of sugar out of 40 per cent less beet than was needed in 1886. Germany has 300,000 acres of the sugar beet under cultivation, and 401 factories, which turn out about one million tons annually. Other countries produce about 940,000 tons yearly.

THE Dairying Problem.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, discussing the question, "Has dairy-ing a limit?" says:

It has long been a belief that some form of soiling will be needed to "Invent," if the extreme possibility of dairying is reached, and up to date, the silo seems to have come nearest to the demand. When an acre of corn of the white Virginia sorts, thinly planted, so as to strongly develop the formation of grain, will, with a fair ration of bran, afford the keep for one year of two cows in full dock of milk, the problem of cheap feed seems solved. From my own experience, ensilage corn can be raised ready for the silo at not over \$8 per acre, and put into the silo 28 bags to the acre for \$8 more, making the "roughage" ample for two cows one year cost less than one dollar per month. This winter I find that 60 lbs. of ensilage per day, and six lbs. of bran, is ample feed for a milch cow, and reduced to bushels, the ensilage in the pits cost about three-quarters of a cent per bushel of 40 lbs. loose. So as to cheapness, the actual feed, cost of a day's ration falls below eight cents per cow, which is a "pointer" at least toward a cheap but satisfactory ration for milk returns.

I am rapidly drifting in the direction of abandoning the cheese factory and milk selling co-operative making for either the co-operative creamery or the exclusive home dairy.

The most successful dairyman to-day are those who have secured the best type of dairy cows and refuse longer to pool their products with "Thomas, Richard and Henry," and by a better material help bring the milk of other dairies up to an average before they can begin to share in the profits.

These men milk enough of their own to

make a business of butter making, and with the milk make creamery butter which they send to a butter market, and do not attempt the suicidal policy of exchanging good butter pound for pound for codfish at the cross-roads store. Beyond this, they find that sweet skim-milk feed with shorts and corn meal, makes a hog fatten three times faster than he would on either alone, especially if the milk was cold and sour, and the hogs can be made to return the best profits by feeding 50 days, then sending them to the market and supplying their places with a fresh lot of shotes to repeat the operation. The farmer then has two market crops, butter and pork, and if the hogs are cared for as they should be they make a wonderful amount of cheap but effective fertility for the farm.

Lastly, this extreme limit of dairying can only, at present, be approached from the winter side. The demand of the market will tell. Warm stables and cows *in them*, not warming barnyards, make it possible. The silo solves the problem of cheap and abundant food akin to June pastures. The demand for the market now is nearly three times stronger in the winter than in the summer and makes good prices. Dairy produce is not "rushed" at any price to the consumer in the winter, because so quickly spoiled by summer heats. The idea of over-production in winter is a myth. The tastes and wants of the consumer are for a fresh-made article of butter, and, if consulted, he would prefer a winter-made full stock cheese.

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May 11, 1889.

## THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

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and through  
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and directions

**PAY**

to keep our horses  
from getting cases  
of eight fall and  
sixteen doses  
each time given in  
one dose.

It will not

**BOTTLE.**

**ary Surgeon**

bit, Mich.

wherever.

**Horticultural.**

For the Michigan Farmer.

**ABOUT PEARS.**

MR. EDITOR—I hope you and your readers will pardon me for troubling you again on this subject. Indeed I would not do so, were it not for the fact that Mr. Lyon, who holds the position of President of the State Horticultural Society, is considered away from home, an authority on all kinds of fruit. From what he has written "About Pears" in the FARMER, with a view to prove that I am not "acquainted with the best dessert varieties of either pears or peaches," your readers can easily see that he (Mr. Lyon) has no practical knowledge of pears. And were any of your readers to visit Mr. Lyon's little pear and peach orchard, the sickly, scrawny, scurvy, scare crow appearance of the poor little neglected trees would convince the visitor of the fact.

Mr. Lyon is an experimenter in strawberries and on this kind of fruit his opinion is valuable; but on pears, peaches and grapes Mr. Lyon's opinion is held in check regard by all those who are intimately acquainted with him.

We thank him for the trouble he took, in counting up in Downing's work, the actual number of varieties of pears there are. Perhaps my statement that "there are more than four hundred varieties" led him to make the count.

I recommended planting the Clapp's Favorite for market, "an opinion," Mr. Lyon says, "in which very many well informed growers of pears will be likely to differ with him." We are not told who the "well-informed growers of pears" are; but one thing we know, and that is Mr. Lyon is not among the number. When by facts and figures I show the Clapp's Favorite to be profitable for market purposes, Mr. Lyon replies: "That I was fully warranted in my remarks respecting Clapp's Favorite as a market variety, may be readily shown by reference to the 'current literature of the day.'" Here Mr. Lyon falls back for support upon the unnamed current literature of the day, indirectly acknowledging that he knows nothing about this variety of fruit from his own experience or knowledge.

When reviewing my remarks on the Louise Bonne pear, Mr. Lyon says: "He should have added, that this is only valuable grown on quince stock." In reply, I show clearly that Mr. Lyon is as badly mistaken in this regard as he is on Clapp's Favorite; that he knows no more about one than he does about the other. Mr. Lyon then shifts his position, as you will see by the following language which he uses: "The objection to Louise Bonne of Jersey, on pear roots, is not that it will not ultimately prove valuable, but rather that, like Angoumois, it requires too long a time for the tree to settle down to satisfactory productiveness." The fact is, a dwarf pear tree will bear but little fruit until it reaches the age of seven or eight years, and the standard will bear when of the same age; and when twice that age the standard Louise Bonne will be far more valuable than the dwarf.

Mr. Lyon found fault because I did not "add that the Sheldon pear sometimes lacks quality when allowed to overswear," If Mr. Lyon had devoted the same time to giving your readers information on the questions involved, that he has in an endeavor to prove that I am unacquainted with either dessert pears or peaches, it would be a little more modest and charitable on his part and a little less ego.

In conclusion, on behalf of the South Haven and Cassio Pomological Society, I beg to contradict Mr. Lyon's statement respecting the nature and manner of the discussions on fruit in its various aspects. It is true, as Mr. Lyon says, that "discussion is being constantly bestowed upon methods of transportation and marketing, including orchard management and packing." But it is not true when he says the discussions are "in an exclusively commercial sense." The reference to the South Haven Pomological Society was, in the first place, made by myself with a view to prove that I ought to have some "acquaintance with dessert peaches and pears." Now to prove his position Mr. Lyon coolly asserts that this Society deals with fruits altogether from a commercial standpoint.

Ergo, Mr. Lannin knows nothing about the finer kinds of pears or peaches! The Society referred to does discuss the quality, character and merits of all kinds of fruit, as well as their commercial value. It is now ten or twelve years since Mr. Lyon ceased to be a member of the above named Society, consequently he is not an authority on the question of its work.

Yours truly,  
JOSEPH LANNIN.

**EXPERIMENTS IN THE TREAT-  
MENT OF GOOSEBERRY MIL-  
DEW AND APPLE SCAB.**

Prof. E. S. Goff, of the New York Experiment Station, furnishes the U. S. Department of Agriculture with the results of his experiments in 1888, and the Department has embodied them in the March number of the Journal of Mycology, devoted to the study of Fungi. As the experiments are of general interest to fruit-growers we give the report full.

**POTASSIUM SULPHIDE FOR THE GOOSE-  
BERRY MILDEW.**

At the suggestion of Dr. J. C. Arthur, formerly botanist to the station, a series of trials was made with potassium sulphide (liver of sulphur) as a preventive of injury from the disease of the gooseberry plant commonly known as "mildew," and due to a fungus parasite known to science as *Sphaerotilus mors-uvae* B. & C. The substance was applied in solution at the rate of one-half and one-fourth ounce to the gallon, respectively, commencing May 3, or as soon as the leaves had begun to expand, and the application was repeated after every hard rain until June 24, nine sprayings having

been made in all. The experiment was made upon a row of the Industry gooseberry containing five plants, and upon a plot of seedlings numbering 283 plants.

Toward midsummer the effect of the spraying became distinctly visible in the deeper green foliage and more rapid growth of the plants. On June 23 the two plants of the Industry gooseberry that received the spraying were noted as being entirely free from mildew, with the exception of a trace of it observed on a single fruit, while the three not treated were quite badly affected. The fungus appeared as a downy coating near the ends of the new shoots, and also upon the berries. The new growth, as well as the crop of fruit, was very perceptibly greater on the treated plants. At this time the bed of seedlings had not been perceptibly attacked by the fungus.

On July 16, the seedling plants were found to be considerably affected, and an examination showed that in the row treated with the sulphide at the rate of half an ounce to the gallon, only one plant exhibited signs of mildew out of a total of 60—about 1.7 per cent, in the row treated at the rate of one-fourth ounce to the gallon three plants were affected out of 48—about seven per cent; while in 133 plants treated, 15 were affected, or about 11.3 per cent.

As these plants were all seedlings from native varieties and are not all subject to mildew, this figure is only an indication of the effects of the treatment and not a proof, for I do not know how many plants in the treated rows would have been affected had the applications not been made.

There could be no question, however, as to the benefits resulting from the treatment. As far as the plantation could be seen the sprayed rows were conspicuous for the richer green of their foliage; and the row receiving the stronger solution showed some greater vigor than the other. A part of this benefit, however, probably resulted from the influence of the sulphide in destroying or repelling the currant worm, as the treated plants were noticeably less injured by this insect than the others. A part also may have resulted from the fertilizing effect of the potassium sulphide.

In the latter part of summer, after the spraying had been discontinued, the mildew increased on the treated plants, showing clearly that the applications were beneficial, and also that they must be continued throughout the growing season to confer their greatest benefit.

Third. That calcium sulphide is of little or no value for the purpose used.

Fourth. That while further experiments are needed to furnish data from which we may compute the actual benefits conferred by the treatments, the indications are that this accomplishment was sufficient to warrant the slight cost of the materials in the case of orchardists who spray their trees for the codling moth.

**Keeping the Apple.**

L. Woolverton, Secretary of the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario, says in the Farmers' Advocate:

Among the most important fruits from a dietary standpoint, is the apple. Granting that our farmers have selected the best varieties for keeping up a successive supply during the winter months, the question is, "Do they usually handle them in the best manner to attain that end?" Surely not all, for every one follows his own way.

Second. The tests do not prove that the greater amount of sulphur added in the potassium sulphide as compared with the soda sulphide rendered this substance the more effective, though there are indications in this direction.

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**RELATIVE TO THE CRY ABOUT OPENING UP FOREIGN MARKETS FOR CALIFORNIA PRODUCTS.**

The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure." He also said "The medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of such a disease."

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—AND—  
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS,  
—SUCCESSORS TO—

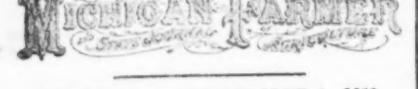
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P. B. BROMFIELD, Mgr.

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DETROIT, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post office as second class matter.

STOCK SALES IN MICHIGAN.

The following dates have been selected by Michigan breeders for sales of improved stock:

**MAY 22**—John Strong & Sons, Stockford

Dairy Shorthorn, J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.

**JUNE 12**—Hunting, Battle Creek, Shorthorn

and Hereford cattle, J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.

**JUNE 11**—J. S. Flint, Somerset, Shorthorn

cattle.

**JUNE 12**—C. F. Moore, St. Clair, Shorthorns,

J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.

**OCTOBER 24**—A. W. Blisell, Pewamo, Shrop-

shire and Poland-Chinas.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 20,221 bu., against 41,205 bu. the previous week, and 32,784 bu. for corresponding week in 1888. Shipments for the week were 76,554 bu., against 114,071 bu. the previous week, and 71,819 bu. the corresponding week last year. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 78,804 bu., against 124,369 bu. last week, and 529,677 bu. at the corresponding date in 1888. The visible supply of this grain on May 4 was 25,270,734 bu., against 26,042,218 bu. the previous week, and 31,317,880 bu. for the corresponding week in 1888. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 771,484 bushels. As compared with a year ago the visible supply shows a decrease of 6,046,646 bu.

Values kept gradually crawling up the past week until Thursday's close, when No. 1 white sold at 96 1/4 c., and No. 2 red at 93 c. Yesterday the market opened weak, had spasms of buoyancy, but finally closed at a decline on both spot and futures. Trading is very light, with near futures the strongest. No. 1 white is scarce and is worth a premium of 32 c. over No. 2 red. Stocks held here are the lightest for years at this season; an active day's trade would take every bushel and leave the market bare. It looks as if there was a big chance for a corner in may wheat, and it appears dealers feel this to be feasible with sufficient capital and plenty of nerve. Chicago opened weak yesterday under heavy sales by operators, but strengthened before the close; all futures being higher by 1/4 to 1/2 c. New York reported May wheat 3/4 c. higher than on Thursday, but the longer sales unchanged. Considerable wheat is being taken for export.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat in this market from April 20th to May 10th inclusive:

	No. 1 Wheat.	No. 2 Wheat.	Red Wheat.	Barley.
April 21	95	85	77	79
22	95	86	77	79
23	91	84	76	79
24	91	84	76	79
25	92	85	77	79
26	93	85	77	79
27	94	86	77	79
28	94	86	77	79
29	94	86	77	79
May 1	94	86	77	79
2	96	86	75	79
3	94	87	76	79
4	94	87	76	79
5	94	88	76	79
6	94	89	76	79
7	94	89	76	79
8	96	90	77	79
9	96	90	77	79
10	92	86	79	79

The closing prices on the various deals in No. 2 red each day of the past week were as follows:

	May	June	July	Aug.
Saturday	86 1/2	85 1/2	79	79
Monday	88	87	79 1/2	79 1/2
Tuesday	89 1/2	86 1/2	79	79
Wednesday	91 1/2	86 1/2	79	79
Thursday	91 1/2	86 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Friday	92 1/2	85 1/2	80	80

Rains were reported the past week in Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota. But there appears to have been more wind than water in the storms, cyclones being experienced at various points.

The situation in the winter wheat belt is becoming discouraging owing to the intense heat and lack of moisture. If rain does not come soon wheat growers will suffer severe losses.

The continued dry weather has scared dealers, and they are afraid of a corner. Their purchases to cover contracts sent the market upward.

The Chicago Tribune of Thursday says: "It would be difficult to find a more disgruntled lot of men than the majority of local wheat scalpers in this city were late yesterday. They had been long, and out just before the upward shoot. Not one out of twenty of them had held on for the advance."

Minnesota had a good rain the present week, and improved crop prospects are reported by telegraph.

Reports from thirty-five counties in that State to the Illinois Board of Agriculture show a general need of rain. The weather for the past week is quoted as being cold and backward for the most part, with frost in central and southern counties that cut down tender plants and injured fruit. Signs of Hessian fly are reported in some sections, Rain is wanted everywhere.

The following table shows the quantity of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in

the United States, Canada, and on passage to Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels.
Visible supply.....	26,889,678
On passage to United Kingdom.....	15,569,000
On Passage for Continent of Europe.....	2,880,000
Total bushels April 20, 1889.....	45,429,678
Total previous week.....	46,833,324
Total April 21, 1888.....	52,623,420

for the finest makes, and slow at that, and holders rarely allow a buyer to go away  $\frac{1}{2}$  @ 1c under that. All grades of Western packers are showing up poor and ruling very dull, with prices weak and uncertain."

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

WESTERN STOCK.	
Creamery, Pa., fancy.....	18 1/20
Creamery, prime.....	18 1/17
Creamery, good.....	12 1/13
State dairy, tubs, fancy, new.....	18 1/19
State dairy, tubs, good.....	16 1/17
State dairy, fair.....	14 1/17
State dairy, Welsh, fair to good.....	14 1/17
Old State dairy, firkins and tubs.....	9 1/13

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending April 27 were 654,800 bu. more than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending April 13 the receipts are estimated to have been 678,992 bu. less than the consumption. The receipts show an increase for those eight weeks of 5,188,664 bu. as compared with the corresponding eight weeks in 1888.

Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending April 27, 1889, as per special cable to the New York Produce Exchange, aggregated 680,000 bu., of which 300,000 bu. were for the United Kingdom and 380,000 for the Continent. The shipments for the previous week, as cabled, amounted to 440,000 bushels, of which 300,000 went to the United Kingdom, and 140,000 to the Continent. The shipments from that country from April 1, the beginning of the crop year, to April 27, aggregate 1,960,000 bu., of which 1,240,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 720,000 bu. to the Continent. For the corresponding period in 1888 the shipments were 2,320,000 bu. The wheat at passage from India April 17 was estimated at 2,010,000 bu. One year ago the quantity was 1,234,000 bu.

The Liverpool market on Friday was quoted steady with light demand. Quotations for American wheat are as follows: No. 2 winter, 6s. 7d. per cental; No. 2 spring, 7s. 4d.; California No. 1, 7s. 5d.

## CORN AND OATS.

### CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 5,156 bu., against 9,155 bu. the previous week, and 8,330 bu. for the corresponding week in 1888. Shipments for the week were 4,750 bu., against 22,289 bu. the previous week, and 14,313 bu. for the corresponding week in 1888. The visible supply of corn in the country on May 4th amounted to 12,113,861 bu., against 12,526,190 bu. the previous week, and 9,436,671 bu. at the same date in 1888. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week indicated of 413,339 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 61,496 bu. against 68,206 bu. last week, and 7,318 bu. at the corresponding date in 1888. Corn is very firm at a sharp advance. Dry weather at the west is making farmers hold their stocks, and prices are hardening both east and west. No. 2 is selling here at 37c for spot, 36 1/2c for May delivery, and 36 1/2c for July. Receipts are slackening up. At Chicago corn is firm, and showed a slight gain yesterday. No. 2 spot is quoted there at 35 1/2c, June at 35c, July at 35 1/2c and August at 36 1/2c per bu. New York is quoted dull for American cheese, with quotations at 51s. 6d. per cwt. for both white and colored, a decline of 6d. from the prices quoted a week ago.

### WOOL.

There is considerable interest manifested in this State regarding wool, but so far only a few lots of unwashed have been marketed.

At several points we note sales of fine un-washed on a basis of 20c per lb., which would make 30c the price for washed wool. Of course dealers are talking 16@18c per lb., but we notice they take up all the lots offered at 20c if they cannot get them lower. This price has been paid at Ypsilanti, Flint, Constantine, and points in Calumet, Jackson and Lenawee Counties. It looks to us as if 20c for unwashed and 30c for un-washed would be about the average at the opening of the market, with sales below and above those figures in special cases.

The eastern markets continue very quiet, and are likely to remain so for the next month. The tone of all the trade journals will be bearish, and they will declare wool buyers to be losing their senses. But as they have pursued the same course for the last 20 years, we have got used to it, and would be surprised if a change were made in their tactics.

At Boston the market has been fairly active for the season, sales footing up 2,241,400 lbs. of foreign and domestic, as compared with 1,622,500 lbs. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 1,060, against 17,036 the previous week, and 2,700 bu. for same week in 1888. The visible supply of this grain on May 4th was 7,143,138 bu., against 6,700,490 bu. the previous week and 4,082,012 at the corresponding date in 1888. The visible supply shows an increase of 442,639 bu. for the week indicated. Stocks held in store here amount to 7,533 bu. against 10,483 bu. the previous week, and 11,139 bu. the corresponding week in 1888. Oats are scarce, and with light stocks and a fair demand holders have been enabled to advance prices during the week. No. 2 white, 34 1/2c@35c; mixed western 20@22c; white western, 34@39 1/2c. In futures mixed for May closed at 29 1/2c, June at 29c, and July at 29 1/2c per bu.

The above comes in the shape of a telegraphic dispatch from Washington, and undoubtedly had the endorsement of Secretary Rusk. The failure of many Agricultural Colleges has arisen from two causes. First, too much attention has been given to professional and scientific departments while practical agricultural instruction has been derided and held in contempt. The students who voted to allow Phil Armour to say "I cannot allow" a citizen of the United States to attend an agricultural college, are qualified to enter, and they are taught the practical things of life, including shop work, agricultural chemistry and veterinary science, in addition to the literary branches of learning. When the school had been open but a few weeks its accommodations were all taken, while the Agricultural College proper had been struggling along for years with barely enough students to form a nucleus.

Farmers and stock men can save these names for future reference. When the next election for Senators comes around, and these men are asking your votes, and denouncing monopolies, this list will be useful.

### DAIRY PRODUCTS.

#### BUTTER.

The extreme heat of the past few days, coupled with liberal receipts and declining markets at other points, caused a heavy drop in prices yesterday. Dealers pushed stocks to get rid of them before prices settled, but this only added to the weakness. The range on the best of the receipts of dairy at the close was 16@17c, with fair stock at 14@15c. Low grade stock unsaleable. Creamery was 19@21c, and only taken when choice dairy is not to be had. The improvement in pastures has helped the butter, but most of the stock arriving is not in condition to keep long. At Chicago stock exhibited a slight accumulation, and, with trade mostly on local account, the market was easy at the late decline. A few dairies were offered, but the quality was usually inferior and sales slow except at inside prices. Quotations in that market were as follows: Choice creamery, Elgin district, 18 1/2c per lb.; no Iowa and Wisconsin, 15 1/2c; best dairies, 14@15c; poor to common stock, 7@10c. The New York market is lower and slow, the warm weather causing weakness. The Daily Bulletin says of the market:

"We learn that P. Philadelphia parties have operated to a considerable extent in San Francisco. Up to date, prices are reported as averaging 3c per pound more than was realized for same description of stock in 1888. From another source we learn that prices are firm, and that holders are firm. Prices are yet very low, and could advance 2c or 3c with advantage. No. 2 mixed stock

May 11, 1889.

the story might  
be told a month.  
A farm of  
100 acres was  
for \$8 per acre,  
owner will recons-  
pect. What?

farmer living six  
miles out to fight a  
cow. Water he  
been suffocated by  
resident, having

Board of Agriculture  
elected Mr. Willets as  
representative. Mr.  
Willets in 1862, and  
of mathematics

ing farm near Web-  
ster, State of Michigan, seven  
Wednesday. There  
no signs of

Grand Rapids, is  
by Paris to destroy  
to close. Not know  
lives of others, solely for his  
life.

city, who was a  
old clothes in  
usly early hour in  
a house full  
thing. His  
ing of every de-  
ath was found in

delightful entreated  
who represent-  
at "half off" for  
the cash, the  
which some have  
decided to another year.

of Saginaw City,  
from a car of load  
by a recent fire,  
mother is not out  
the solder of  
subscribed us article of food.

Miller, of Scipio,  
he was making  
up on the roll,  
both were thrown  
out without in-  
Eminence caught  
frame and killed,  
had 50 of the  
rested and killed,  
fore, but released  
difficulties and pay  
they were "gat-  
men are among  
in a church

at Marshall, con-  
bat with its build-  
a public auction on  
a bid of \$100 per  
All but at fair prices,  
paid for Little

Huron brewer,  
killed Harry Ax-  
ton, in a street  
house has here-  
fessionally said  
was too liberal a  
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dale County, with  
was almost wiped  
out. There were  
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and the inhab-  
substantial prop-  
Aiger promptly  
paid.

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destroyed; Norway  
e's Crossing and  
wiped out, and  
ing says fire are  
the fatal dose  
juries about

Blair, was found  
day morning. A  
came to her death  
as she had been  
self-administered  
husband, has been  
murder, suspicion  
to the fatal dose  
died.

Foreign.

The deceased wife's sister's bill has been  
again rejected by the English House of Lords.

It is said Sir Charles Russell's fee for acting  
as counsel for the deceased's husband before  
the commission, is £10,000.

Seventy thousand German iron-workers are  
on strike, and many of the furnaces have  
been compelled to put out their fires.

Railway building is progressing quite rapidly  
in Japan. A line 16 miles long was  
opened for traffic April 16, and three or four  
longer lines are being surveyed.

In the town of Besbrook, Ireland, where  
John G. Richardson employs three thousand  
people in the manufacture of Irish linens, he  
has been sold for forty years, and as a  
result there is neither policeman, prison,  
law, nor pauper in the town.

The volcano of Vesuvius is in a state of  
eruption, and streams of lava are coursing  
down the sides. Since the terrible eruption  
which destroyed Herculanum, Pompeii  
and the like, the only one of which record  
has been kept. The last outbreak was in  
1772, when parts of the towns of Masso and  
St. Sebastian were destroyed by a stream of  
magma half a mile wide and twenty feet deep.

The French exposition at Paris was  
formally opened on the 6th by President Carnot,  
and the first day was a success. The weather  
was brief and official. As President Carnot  
was leaving the Elysee palace, a man named  
Perrin fired a blank cartridge at him. Perrin  
was at once arrested, and stated he had no  
desire to injure himself, but wished to  
call attention to himself and a grizzly bear  
which he suffered. There are 100,000 visitors  
to all times.

bought a house at  
\$100,000.

of trotting stock  
bid at an average

of 250 people in  
one man killed,  
that's all.

of the civil war, to  
be built in  
and the other at

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arkinson sorghum,  
Kansa, cleared

nd of the division  
the entire Pacific  
be desired.

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were burned over-  
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agents. Gen-  
eral to recover  
Gen. Badeau ap-  
pavano.

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the driver of one  
not one.

American Meat  
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president. The  
fifty-five million  
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shoulders.

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May 11, 1889.

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of mathematics

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usly early hour in  
a house full  
thing. His  
ing of every de-  
ath was found in

delightful entreated  
who represent-  
at "half off" for  
the cash, the  
which some have  
decided to another year.

of Saginaw City,  
from a car of load  
by a recent fire,  
mother is not out  
the solder of  
subscribed us article of food.

Miller, of Scipio,  
he was making  
up on the roll,  
both were thrown  
out without in-  
Eminence caught  
frame and killed,  
had 50 of the  
rested and killed,  
fore, but released  
difficulties and pay  
they were "gat-  
men are among  
in a church

Huron brewer,  
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ton, in a street  
house has here-  
fessionally said  
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Dale County, with  
was almost wiped  
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and the inhab-  
substantial prop-  
Aiger promptly  
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sula destroyed by  
destroyed; Norway  
e's Crossing and  
wiped out, and  
ing says fire are  
the fatal dose  
died.

Foreign.

The deceased wife's sister's bill has been  
again rejected by the English House of Lords.

It is said Sir Charles Russell's fee for acting  
as counsel for the deceased's husband before  
the commission, is £10,000.

Seventy thousand German iron-workers are  
on strike, and many of the furnaces have  
been compelled to put out their fires.

Railway building is progressing quite rapidly  
in Japan. A line 16 miles long was  
opened for traffic April 16, and three or four  
longer lines are being surveyed.

In the town of Besbrook, Ireland, where  
John G. Richardson employs three thousand  
people in the manufacture of Irish linens, he  
has been sold for forty years, and as a  
result there is neither policeman, prison,  
law, nor pauper in the town.

The volcano of Vesuvius is in a state of  
eruption, and streams of lava are coursing  
down the sides. Since the terrible eruption  
which destroyed Herculanum, Pompeii  
and the like, the only one of which record  
has been kept. The last outbreak was in  
1772, when parts of the towns of Masso and  
St. Sebastian were destroyed by a stream of  
magma half a mile wide and twenty feet deep.

The French exposition at Paris was  
formally opened on the 6th by President Carnot,  
and the first day was a success. The weather  
was brief and official. As President Carnot  
was leaving the Elysee palace, a man named  
Perrin fired a blank cartridge at him. Perrin  
was at once arrested, and stated he had no  
desire to injure himself, but wished to  
call attention to himself and a grizzly bear  
which he suffered. There are 100,000 visitors  
to all times.

bought a house at  
\$100,000.

of trotting stock  
bid at an average

of 250 people in  
one man killed,  
that's all.

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American Meat  
Four," has been  
president. The  
fifty-five million  
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shoulders.

took the oath of  
United States, there

## AUCTION SALE

Of Registered

## Shorthorn Bulls

—ON—

FRIDAY, MAY 31st,

1889, at 1 o'clock p.m., at

Hillside Farm, in Summit,

Adjoining the City of Jackson.

I will sell to the highest bidder, young  
Shorthorn bulls, all registered, selected, set  
apart, and report they traced the stream  
two lakes seven miles above Lake Itasca,  
and 110 feet above its level, in which it rises.

A forest fire raging in the oil lands south of  
Custer City, Pa., has destroyed many valuable  
oil property. These are among the most  
valuable in the State. A good many  
of these have been burned, and there are no means of checking the flames at  
hand.

It is quite the proper thing to celebrate  
centennial anniversaries nowadays. Hence no  
one will be surprised to learn that the State  
is having a 100th anniversary celebrated by  
a bang-up 100th anniversary of the intro-  
duction of the first piano into the United  
States by John Jacob Astor.

George Francis Train's last freak is to em-  
igrate to St. Louis, which alleged a young  
woman was about to be buried when her  
husband's attention was attracted to the right  
place, and she was saved. He is now  
engaged, owing of course a very graphic ac-  
count of her agony at being unable to com-  
municate, that it is all "fake."

A cyclone visited Pratt, Safford and Rice  
counties in Kansas on Wednesday, and as  
usual, its history is written in detail and  
a summary given. The cyclone was  
most violent and destructive, killing many  
cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs. Houses  
were laid flat on the ground, and stock killed  
in the fields. Over one hundred people are  
buried.

A company of young men at Findlay, O.,  
organized a band of 100,000 to march through  
the city, and were to be in a Mass. "spectac-  
ular." They routed all the tenement houses in the  
city, paying three months rent in advance,  
and now demand an advance of from two to  
six dollars per month. There are no other

F. W. Palmer, of Chicago, finally caught  
up with many aspirants who had  
and received the appointment as  
public printer. It is said he will not have as  
many to look after as he might if Public  
Printer Benedict had not closed so many large  
concerns. The new ones, in view of his  
needs of office for months to come, before  
his retirement.

Montana Indians are evidently preparing  
for an outbreak. The winter is over, they  
are in good condition, and ready to make  
a few scores of wild settlers as it may be  
a few choice selection. Of the Shorthorn  
the following families will be represented:

Cruickshank, Young Mary,

Rose of Sharon, Miss Hudson.

Of the Herefords the following:

Lord Wilton, Horace,

The Grove 3d, Zulu Chief.

A. C. H. Mann, Auctioneer.

This offering will consist of about sixty head  
—ON—

WILL BE

SOLD AT AUCTION

on my farm at

Wheatfield, Calhoun Co., Mich.

—ON—

THURSDAY, JUNE 6th, 1889,

AT ONE O'CLOCK, P. M.

J. A. MANN, Auctioneer.

This offering will consist of about sixty head  
—ON—

W. E. BOYDEN.

DAIRY SHORTHORNS.

OVER 75 HEAD

AT

PUBLIC SALE!

M. F. COOK & CO., Springfield, Ohio, Manufacturers

IRON TURBINE OF THE

IRON TURBINE WIND

ENGINES

Strong and Durable. Will not Swell, Shrink, Warp or Rattle in the Wind.

BUCKEYE FORCE PUMP

Works in a narrow constant stream. Has Petroleum Liner and Brass Cylinders. Is easily set. Is the Cheapest Pump in the World.

BUCKEYE IRON MOWERS

Buckeye Wrought Iron Fencing, Creating, etc. Write for Catalogue and Prices.

YAM! YAM!

AND Sweet Potato Plants.

All the latest and best varieties. Packets ready to plant. By mail or express. Write for prices and varieties to

HENRY SHULL, Beaver Dam, Allis Co., Ohio.

THE "FREEMAN"

Ensilage and Feed Cutters.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN ALL OTHERS.

GUARANTEED THE BEST.

Write for Catalogue. Your valuable Encyclopedia and Cyclopaedia.

THE "FREEMAN" IS THE ONLY CUTTER THAT WILL CUT AND FEED ALL DAY.

ALL SIZES OF POWER HAND

FEED CUTTERS.

SELL IT TO THE PUBLIC.

WE WILL SHIP ONE Portrait as sam-

## Poetry.

## THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

[A poem written by John G. Whittier and read at the Centennial Celebration April 30, 1889.]

The sword was sheathed; in April's sun  
Lay green the fields by Freedmen's woe;  
And several sections, weary of debates,  
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O City sitting by the sea,  
How proud the day that dawned on thee.  
When the new era, long desired, began,  
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvo spoke,  
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,  
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,  
And prayer and hymn, borne heavenward from  
St. Paul's.

How fell the hand in every part!  
The strong throb of a nation's heart,  
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,  
His pledge to Union, Liberty and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,  
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;  
In world-wide wonder listening peoples beat  
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold  
And hopes deceived all history told,  
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful  
past.

Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,  
The one man equal to his trust.  
Wise beyond lone, and without weakness good,  
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace;  
Made possible the world's release;

Taught prince and serf that power was but a trust,  
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong

In hate of fraud and sc'f wrong.

Prentice turns her holy truths to lies,  
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice  
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;

A century's suns o'er them have risen and set,  
And God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still we trust, the years to be  
Shall prove his hope was destiny,

Leaving our flag with all its added stars  
Unrest by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo! with patient toll he nursed  
And trained the new-set plant at first,  
The widening branches of the stately tree  
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea,

And in its broad and sheltering shade,  
Sitting with none to make afraid,

We're now silent, through each mighty limb

The winds of heaven would sing the praise of  
him.

Our first and best!—he aches lie  
Beneath his own Virginian sky.

Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,  
The storm that swept above the sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife  
And dark hours of the Nation's life,

Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning  
word.

Their father's voice his erring children heard!  
The change for which he prayed and sought

In that sharp agony was wrought.

No partial interest drew its alien line

Twix North and South, the cypress and the cold,

Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

## Miscellaneous.

## NABBY'S HUSBAND.

A knock at the squire's front door.  
An eager "come in" from the squire, to whom an outside diversion is an inestimable boon, he having just reached that uncomfortable stage of masculine convalescence when life becomes a burden not only to the so-called "patient" himself, but also to those unlucky feminine relatives whose duty it is to officiate as "ministering angels."

Mary, the servant, came in.

"Please, Mr. Hosley, there's a woman down stairs who says she must see you. She's been here before since you were sick, and now she won't take no for an answer."

"Show her right up, Mary," said the squire, alertly, brightening up visibly, like the war-horse that sees the battle afar off.

Not all the cosy comforts of his surroundings, the "Sleepy Hollowness" of his easy chair, the pleasant pictures on the wall, the wood fire which, now that the wintry twilight was settling down over the bit of gray sky left visible by the curtain's heavy folds, danced and flashed all over the room in rosy shadows, could reconcile the squire to his enforced seclusion. Secretly he pined for his dingy old den of an office and chafed at the doctor's restrictions, which as yet forbade all thought of business. But now the moral police force, represented by his wife and daughter, being off duty, there was nothing to prevent his seeing this probable client.

"Show her up, Mary," said the squire cheerfully, straightening himself, and assuming as much of legal dignity as dressing-gown and slippers permitted.

Mary disappeared. Presently the door opened again. "Why, Nabby," said the squire, "is it you? How do you do?"

"Yes, squire, it's me, said Nabby, dropping down with a heavy sigh into a chair; "and I don't do very well."

Nabby was a short, squarely built woman of fifty, with considerable gray in the coarse, black hair drawn stiffly and uncompromisingly back under a bonnet about five years out of date. She had sharp, black eyes, and a resolute go-ahead manner. Evidently a hard-working woman; yet in looking at her you could not help the conviction that something more than hard work had plowed the deep wrinkles which ran across her forehead, and threatened to litter her eyebrows up to her hair.

Nabby had lived with the squire's mother fifteen years—from the time when Mrs. Hosley took her in, a ten-year-old orphan, who was, as the good old lady sometimes expressed it, "more plague than profit," until she grew into the steady and reliable hand-maiden, who finally, with every one's good wishes, married Josiah Gould, and set up for herself.

Old Mrs. Hosley had long since gone to her reward, but the family still kept up a friendly interest in Nabby and her fortunes, the squire in particular being her "guide,"

philosopher and friend," in all emergencies of life.

"Why, what's the matter now, Nabby?" said the squire goodnaturedly. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, I am," said Nabby, emphatically, with a snap of her black eyes. "I'm sick to death of Josiah. I can't stand it any longer, and I've come to talk to you about gettin' a divorce. You see he's been growin' worse now for a good while. I've kep' it to myself pretty much, because I was ashamed on it, and then I kep' hopin' he'd do better. I've talked and talked to him, and said and done everything a woman could, but it seems as if the more I talked the worse he grew."

The squire looked at Nabby's sharp, hard face, and perhaps was hardly so surprised as Nabby expected, that Josiah had not been reformed by the vigorous "talking to" he had undoubtedly received.

"He grew more and more shiftless, and good for nothin'," continued Nabby, "till finally, he didn't do much but set round the kitchen fire half boozzy. If there's anything I hate," burst out Nabby, "it's a man forever settin' round the house under-foot. And there I was a-takin' in washin', and a-slavin' early and late, to be kinder decent and forehanded, and him no better'n a dead man on my hands, so faras helpin' any was concerned, and so I've told him time and again. He worked just about enough to keep himself drinkin'. I knew he couldn't git any of my money for that."

"But I stood it all till about a fortnight ago. I'd been workin' hard all day, helpin' Miss Barber clean house, and it seemed as if every bane in my body ached, I was so tired. I came along home, thinking how good my cup of tea'd taste. The first thing I see when I opened the kitchen door, was old Hank Slater sittin' in my rockin'-chair. He and Josiah were both drunk as—hogs," said Nabby, slandering an innocent animal, in her haste for a simile.

"They'd tracked the mud all over my clean floors. The cookin' stove was rammed full of wood roarin' like all possessed. I wondered they hadn't burned the house up before I got there. And they'd got my best teapot out to heat some water, and the water all biled away, and the bottom came out. But the won't on was to set Josiah and a companion with such scum of the earth as that Hank Slater. I tell you, squire, I was mad. I jest dung that kitchen door wide open, and sez I:

"'Get out of this house, Josiah Gould, and don't let me ever see your face inside on't again.'

"'Sez he, meek as Moses, 'Where shall I go to, Nabby?'

"'Sez I, 'I don't care where you go to, so long as you don't come near me. I've always been a respectable woman, and I don't want none o' Hank Sister's friends round my house.'

"'Well?' quered the squire, as Nabby's narration came to a pause.

"'Well,'" said Nabby, in a rather subdued tone, "the went off, and he hain't come back. And I want a divorce.'"

"Now Nabby," remonstrated the squire, "you don't want a divorce, I know you better than that. You are not the woman to give Josiah up, and let him go to the bad without a struggle. You feel vexed with him yet, and it is hard, very hard. But you know you took him 'for better or worse.' Do you think, yourself, it is quite right to break your contract because it proves the worse for you—because you are the stronger one and he the weaker one of the two? That don't strike me as good Bible doctrine, Nabby. We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not please ourselves, you know."

"Well, I dunno," said Nabby, twisting the corner of her shawl dubiously, "I hadn't thought on't in that light I must say. It's so aggravatin' to have such a man for a husband. Besides I dunno's he'd come back. And I want a divorce."

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## REVENTION.

the New York in an editorial, of a few extracts: men of would take a little ease that they do the civilized world vast hospital than the idea of a medical examination, apparently well, is approaches of pul-ney troubles, and flesh is heir to be apparent to In nothing is that an ounce of aid of cure."

wisdom in what individuals, as a rule, welfare attention, by the presence consciousness of failing is given to such

written in recent me and oftentimes from delay in the cases. They cannot control organs, and it is control it in any chance of Warner's fished as the only reliably prevent use. Uniquely ascertained the real cause of ill consumption, orders are supposed of such belief been committed by such disorders, as of the disease, the real disease— to escape their

way by which disease averted of Warner's Safe "engines of if they are in the good that is threatened, or be overestimated. A nation made by a disease is unreliable, extremely deceptively manifests itself until its beyond assistance.

Cheap.

of this country or money," said a man was a pool to usies arose, new business and since then it has the stronger ones until they make This somebody is had made a large and his business by a partner, up in business war now being lives every grade of the import. The only relief organization of a involve the man and the dropping familiar. The progressing to They have a pool long, but which use. The dealers help to pay the dealers are now an only to supply card manufacturer by forming a and running only up a name, however up in favor of the time before the manufacturers follow —Philadelphia

Have Around,

, of Gov. Bay, had a curious experience with the to turn the crank about to cause the young lady type- governor had previous. The and the private turn the crank. To his horror sent of the young jumble was chasis:

\* \* \* There; I love you, coming, and you \* \* \* Please, one will come back this crank if all the time." It's too familiar to the smacking of accompany the seen lovers.

before the matter gained, either by person, who at the same practical joke was finally when the ex- and heartily. He been showing a executive depart- a few minutes, secretary's room the graphophone business which had

Review.

early every one exhausted. The which have been moved sluggishly fails to think all slower to re- is just what is sense, the ideal vitalises and the blood clear, tires that tired strength and vigor

## THE SONGSTRESS OF BOSTON.

I picture her, the poetess, As young and lithesome; The shy, sweet charm of spring within Her dewy eyes so tender. I pictured her a fragile flower Who fed but on fair fancies— A creature airy, light as those We read of in romances. But when I saw this prodigy— This pulse of passion— Lo, she was raged in all the rags And turbulences of fashion.

Her manner rather high than shy, Yet not exactly haughty; And, tho' I'll swear she was not fair, Was both fat and forty.

And oh, alas! worst of all, I saw, as I'm a sinner, This devotee of *Satyr*. Eat pork and beans for dinner.

## THE DONATION PARTY.

"Is this all we've got for dinner?" said Alice May, rather dolefully.

"Isn't it enough?" retorted Phoebe, her sister.

The dining-room in Exbrook Parsonage was unmistakably shabby. It was bad enough when the friendly gloom of a rainy day concealed its short-comings in some degree. But on a clear, uncompromising October noon like this, the cruel sunshine revealed each crack in the ceiling, every worm in the carpet, like a magnifying glass.

And really there was some occasion for the doleful glance with which Alice regarded the table. There was the extreme shank bone of a ham boiled into rags, a few slices of cold beef, some baked potatoes, and a casserole which certainly had not been rendered indigestible by too much richness of material. There were remains of yesterday's stew, half a cold apple pie, and a plate of home-made pickles; and around this meal gathered four little Mays, with ravenous eyes, while George, the eldest brother, who had been doing some amateur whitewashing, was making a hasty toilet out in the sink-room, and two grown sisters superintended the banquet. Mr. May was engaged on the *Fifthly* of his next Sunday's sermon, and wife was at a neighbor's house helping a nurse a cross old crone, who had worn out everybody's patience but hers.

"Enough, I suppose," said Alice, "but—very appetizing. Now, is it?"

"Poor folks have no business to expect appetizing food," said Phoebe, shortly. "In fact, I don't know that they have any business to live at all! Geoffrey, take your fingers out of the sugar-bowl! Lizzie, sit up straight!"

"The bag isn't intended for you," said Harry. "It is on its way to Doctor Bruce, full of castor-oil seeds. I couldn't put my offering into a bag nor pack it in a box. It's too big."

"Nobody wants your offering," sputtered Phoebe.

Harry put down the bag on a chair, and took both Phoebe's hands in his.

"Are you quite sure of that?" said he. "Dear little Phoebe, don't look so cross at me. I came here to offer you myself, and I don't propose to go away until you have said either yes or no. I know you are cross; but I can't help risking it, Phoebe. I can't live any longer in suspense. I like you in spite of all the scoldings you give me—and I want to marry you. Come, Phoebe, is it yes or no?"

"Phoebe, what's the matter?" said Alice, gently, moving the bowl of saccharine gains out of Geoffrey's reach, and helping to perpendicularize the small Lizzie in her chair.

"Oh, I don't know," said Phoebe. "I'm cross."

"No need to tell us that," dryly observed George, seating himself. "It is one of the very few facts patent to all observers. Where's father?"

"It's that donation party," said Phoebe, with an impatient backward toss of her mate of sullen hair.

"El?" said George.

"I hate donation parties!" cried out Phoebe, recklessly carving the ham into numerous stavings. "I think them an insult to people. There?"

George whistled; Alice smiled; the children all stared.

"If they want to do father a favor," went off Phoebe, breathlessly, loading up the children's plates with all sorts of incongruous materials, "why don't they pay him his salary, instead of letting it run behind? Why don't they repair this dismal hole of a parsonage, and stop the church chimney from smoking, so that what they ought to do? Who wants Mrs. Pye to bring us a crochet tidy, and Square Bassett to sort out all his damaged beans for our benefit, and Sarah Jones to work horrible pen-wipers for us? We're not objects of charity yet, are we?"

"Hush, Phoebe!" soothed Alice.

"It's the custom, sis," said George. "I can't say I quite uphold it myself, but—such time comes the *pater*."

Mr. May was a mild old gentleman with a kind head and spectacles, who sat down to eat in an absent sort of way, as if his mind was somewhere in Syro-Punicia. The children might have safely continued their discussion; he would have been none the wiser.

Phoebe May was twenty years old. She was not a beauty, nor was she remarkably talented; but she had a round, fresh face with hazel eyes, and warm, red-brown hair; and there was a deal of practical common sense in her make-up.

Also was the family beauty—a pink-and-white Dresden china little creature—and in that commonsense mind of hers Phoebe had it fully settled that War was to make a brilliant match, and that she, Phoebe, was to settle down into the iron-gray monotony of old maidism.

But in life's deal there were some things that she would have liked different, and this attending donation party weighed very heavily on her soul.

It was supposed to be a surprise to the minister and his wife. Alice, Phoebe, and George had, however, been let into the secret, as a sort of necessary preliminary.

"I wish," said Alice, thoughtfully, "that Mrs. Daniell would think to give us a new sitting-room carpet. Ours is worn through to the very boards of the floor; and she has just recarpeted her house with real Brussels."

"She will give you a bunch of paper roses, you will see," scornfully retorted Phoebe.

"The Eyes are rich," said George. "The mother would appreciate a sewing-machine from Mrs. Pye, now wouldn't she?"

Phoebe shrugged her shoulders.

"I can tell exactly what Mrs. Pye intends to give us," said she. "One of those bookmarks that her grand-daughter worked—or a splatter-work tidy. Oh, George, if you only knew how I hated all this!"

Toward dusk the presents began to come in. Mrs. Daniell sent a jug of molasses, Diacon Brower brought a bag of hickory nuts ("as if the woods weren't full of them," said Phoebe, contemptuously), Josie Fuller brought a yellow puppy, Miss Sarel contributed a staring chromo, the Widow Polewha a bag of ranch-hens' feathers, Billy Brown a setting of duck's eggs. It was planned to fill the back kitchen with gifts

of this nature, and to display them all at once to the wondering eyes of the minister and his wife.

"Sister, sister!" piped little Lizzie, "here's a chair! From Mrs. Biggs!"

Alice groaned.

"It's the old chair that stood all last summer on her porch," said she. "Painted over and glued up! But it won't last a month!"

"Mrs. Biggs all over," said Phoebe. "At this rate we shall be rich."

It was nearly dark when Harry Balkan came in. Phoebe was emptying a paper of yeast cakes which old Mrs. Barrow had sent. Old Mrs. Barrow had been very sick, and the minister and his wife had kept many a faithful vigil at her side. Naturally, she wished to show her appreciation of all this. Yeast cakes were a penny apiece at the village store, and she had sent half a dozen of home manufacture.

Harry Balkan was a tall, straight young man, with eyes bluer than any sioe, and a quiet, earnest way with him. He came in with a bag over his shoulder. Phoebe eyed him antagonistically.

"Well?" said she.

"You're going to have a donation party here to-night, they tell me?" said Harry.

"Yes."

There was a warning flash in Phoebe's eyes.

"I thought I would come in early—before the communion began," said he.

"The communion is here now," said she.

"Phoebe."

"Yes, Mr. Balkan."

"Would you be offended if I were to offer you—"

"Yes, I would!" broke out Phoebe, reddening to the roots of her hair. "I don't want it! It's an insult! Carry it back home, whatever it is, and please—please don't think that because I have the misfortune to be a minister's daughter, that—"

Harry's dark eyes glittered, half with fun, half with vexation.

"Phoebe," said he, "you are a little vivacious, but you're not a Welsh rabbit, and I ran through Spencer last month, and of course, we'll enjoy the article. I sniffs at the idea of women comprehending such books, but pa's so old-fashioned! By the way, remind me to tell you of Miss Dobson's flirtation with Spencer? That old English literature, fairy-tale Spencer?"

"No goosie! Herbert, of course. All about the unknowable and evolution. Ma and I ran through Spencer last month, and of course, we'll enjoy the article. I sniffs at the idea of women comprehending such books, but pa's so old-fashioned! By the way, remind me to tell you of Miss Dobson's flirtation with Spencer? That old English literature, fairy-tale Spencer?"

"It is buckwheat flour?" said Phoebe, indignantly eyeing the bag, "or is it black-eyed beans? Because we've got a great plenty of both, thank you all the same."

"The bag isn't intended for you," said Harry. "It is on its way to Doctor Bruce, full of castor-oil seeds. I couldn't put my offering into a bag nor pack it in a box. It's too big."

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But even then Harry did not suffer her to open the door until he had taken a very deliberate and satisfactory kiss.

"You are a little darling!" said he.

"And I knew I should conquer you, in time."

The squire and the doctor came in, but Harry had taken himself and his bag of castor beans off through an open window.

"Anything wrong about the fastenin's o' this 'ere door?" said the squire gruffly.

"I—can't get the barrel of apples out of the way," said Phoebe, coloring very red.

The Donation Party came triumphantly off that night. Apples and salt pork, patch-work quilts and macrame tidies arrived in due proportion. The minister made a speech of thanks. His wife wondered how much would be left of her best china and well-worn carpets before the company was gone. But through it all Phoebe seemed to walk on rose-colored clouds. Nothing put her out. All the irritation was gone from her heart; and Alice, watching her with a smile, said to herself:

"That's so," responded the Washington belle, tilting her hat over her eyes and plining a red veil on. "This sort of thing keeps me out of the common society gossip. Ma says I'm improved wonderfully already by associating with intellectual and artistic people."

And the two friends, gloved and parasoled, set out to order flowers for the literary lunch and buy ruffles at a bargain counter.—*Washington Post.*

We have instrumental and vocal music. Then when it's over, the hostess serves the loveliest lunch. Ma is a perfect artist, and can spring more surprises at a feed than any one I know. Pa says she lies awake nights scheming out new dishes and decorations. The lunch served at our last meeting here fairly made the other women green. Of course, we get away with Mrs. D. Vandick Smith's sugared violets and lilac and heliotrope, etc.

that Satan was once an angel and stood high among his associates. It is terrible to think he could have been an angel in heaven and telling lies so stoutly that he was called the father of lies. He must have done something, for the story goes that he was cast out of heaven and sent below for being a bad angel. It shows how even an angel may fall. But let that pass.

There are numerous kinds of liars. A few of the little untruths one meets in society are called white lies. A polite person says he is glad to see you when she is not; she says to a servant that she is not at home when the wrong person calls; that she will be sure to keep an engagement—one she regrets having made and does not intend keeping—these may be called white lies. Friendly lies may be told by friends who are trying to make the best of bad news and think they are doing it for the best. Black and malicious liars are those who lie to do harm, who perjure themselves to convict others for crimes. They deserve the hottest damnation that can be laid out for them. A man associated with Falstaff said: "I do despise a liar." So do we all. There are infinite and endless liars and hourly promising breakers." They are all despicable.

There are bragging liars. They have always something wonderful to say about themselves that's really never happened. They will tell you what this or that great man said to them when he had said nothing. They brag about their business when they are doing nothing to speak of. Some of them print newspapers—in New York—and are tremendously about their circulation. They are of the Baron Munchausen order, and make themselves believe they are believed.

The oldest inhabitant liar is among the most harmless of all bores. He will tell you about Jackson's war, and how the cotton bales were placed for breastworks, as they have never been placed since, and how things looked when the stars fell, and how he skated at Algiers when the Mississippi River was frozen over; how he talked with Lafayette, and how he actually tool in everything he had ever read about. The oldest inhabitant liar is too old to be disposed; and there is no backing down a man who tells you of what he has heard and seen himself.

The newest inhabitant liar is among the most harmful of all bores. He will tell you about the *Rosebud* of *Health* the whole physical energy of the body. These are "facts" as told by the

